

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
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# Hearthstone



- The Spiritual Furnishings of the Home—*Charles F. Kemp*
- Birthdays Are Important—*Ruth C. McDowell*

SEPTEMBER, 1957 - 25c



# The Magazine for the Christian Home

# Hearthstone

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Cover photo by Eva Luoma

Published Jointly Each Month By

#### Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*  
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

#### The American Baptist Publication Society

RICHARD HOILAND, *Executive Secretary*  
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

#### Vol. 9

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#### No. 9

Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Louis, Mo.

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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (50 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



### Those Embarrassing Moments

I once heard a story about a man whose hat blew off one windy day while he was walking down the street. The incensed gentleman chased his wandering chapeau, until, breathless and sputtering with indignation, he retrieved it. A group of amused people were watching the incident, and they were laughing at the man for being so obviously angry over his embarrassing situation. It would have been much better if the man had treated the whole thing as a joke and had joined in on everyone's merriment. For then the people would have been laughing with him. Instead, his wrath made him appear foolish and ridiculous.

If your embarrassing moments give others a bit of cheer and laughter, why get flustered and upset? If you "laugh with the crowd," they'll be laughing with you, not at you.

**What's Here?** This is our special "birthday" issue of *Hearthstone*—not to honor our publication, but to honor you. First of all, we have "Family Participation = Birthday Celebration," by Dorothy E. Prather, in which you will learn how to make your birthday a very special occasion. (None of us get so ancient that we don't feel a little tingle of excitement about having a birthday celebration.) In "Birthdays Are Important," by Ruth C. McDowell, you will find helpful hints on planning a birthday party for the kiddies.

Even our family worship pages are devoted to birthdays this time, as well as our children's story, "Sandra's Special Birthday," by Helen Houston Boileau.

If your teen-agers possess undesirable and objectionable traits, they may, in truth, be reflecting *your own* shortcomings. Mary Blair Immel, who has had much experience in dealing with youth, discusses this problem in "Attitudes in the Making."

There is ironing to be done, dishes to be washed, socks to be darned, peaches to be canned—and you don't know where to begin. If you're "typical" (word used for lack of something more original), you'll spend maybe a half hour or more wondering which dismal chore to tackle first. Matilda Rose McLaren has an article with a catchy title, "Are You on Daylight Squandering Time?" which will really be of value to you in organizing and accomplishing your tasks.

**What's Coming?** Look for "Your Child and His Bible"; "Make Friends with Your Parents"; "What Are You Reading?" and others.

Till next month,

S. W.



Each member of the family should be allowed to celebrate his birthday however he pleases (within reason, of course). Small children usually love parties.

y Dorothy E. Prather



—Cy La Tour and Son

## Family Participation=Birthday Celebration

To each his own, and the children are never backward about it: "Hey, Mom, know what I'd like to do for my birthday this year? Have Dad take a load of us guys skiing. Then we could come back here for chili about 6:00, huh?"

Wonderful! What a wholesome and healthful way to celebrate for the teen-age son whose birthday happens to fall in the winter! "To each his own," for birthday observance (within budget limits, of course) makes this business of birthdays a precious and un-

fettered thing. No tangling up in conventional, formal affairs for these variety-loving youth!

Of course, we were slightly aghast when our second-grade daughter told her friends to come to her party in their jeans and cowboy boots. However unorthodox, the party was judged highly successful. Refreshments of hot dogs roasted in the outdoor fireplace, and ice cream sandwiches and cup cakes eaten from paper plates surely simplified the day for Mother and left the house fairly intact. Nor did any



**You're never too old to celebrate your birthday.  
And if you're the woman of the house, see that  
the rest of the family treats you royally.**

little guests go home with frothy party dresses ruined by pink lemonade!

The neighbors may have wondered if a convention had moved in the night the high school daughter entertained eleven friends at a slumber(less) party for her birthday. Corn popping and fudge making progressed far into the night; giggles and record playing interspersed with endless chatter added up to the type of observance that suited her to a "T." (Our old house is a two-story affair; so that slumber party occupied the entire top floor!)

Birthday conspiracies always go in the memory file with the "Remember Whens." Dad, who always insists that he cannot be surprised, stood speechless the birthday we planned a surprise dinner for him, strictly stag, with his fishing-hunting-golfing cronies as guests!

Birthdays seem to offer a real challenge to us, to try harder than ever to please the ones we love. Yet I feel we fail, as parents, when we too often neglect to make a fuss over OUR birthday!

It surely wasn't much of a treat, that cherry pie. How my cousin and I labored on it! Since there were no eggs in the house, a cake for Mother's birthday was out of the question. We knew, vaguely, what went into pie crust, though. First, the dough seemed too dry. So we added a little more water. Then it was too damp. So we added more flour. By the time we finally had the pie baked, the crust was far too tough for human consumption!

Nevertheless, the things that impressed me, at ten years of age, was the delight that Mother obviously experienced, at having someone try to do something special for her birthday.

With the continual emphasis put on youth and youthful appearance by the advertisers and movie tycoons, parents (especially mothers) prefer to forget that birthdays do roll around every year with unfailling regularity.

Why take such an ostrich-in-the-sand attitude? Each year should bring the challenge to obliterate some of the foibles of the past one, offering the opportunity to add a new skill or attain greater proficiency in a known talent. Birthdays will bring less of frustration and remorse, if met on a forward stride!

As part of this new treatment for us, then, let's really make it a celebration! Does your birthday, like mine, forego the lovely goose-pimpily surprises and secret scheming teamed with other birthdays? It is usually taken for granted that Mother, being Mother, will bake her own cake, if any, and, martyr-like, leave off any of the exotic trimmings. In this

day of delectable mixes, even a boy can become an expert cakemaker.

If your family have treated your birthday with this "Oh, well, it's only Mom—she knows I'm broke" attitude, it is high time to take the situation in hand. Now don't tell me that would be selfish! Is it selfish to teach our family that we are people, too? No, just the opposite. We fail to develop altruism and thoughtfulness in our family when we allow them to neglect the commemoration of OUR day. Soon these youngsters of ours will be heading families of their own, and out of the experiences and joys of contributing to the parents' special day will come a greater maturity and selflessness in forging the sturdy framework of family life.

Having traveled on the wrong track for some years, we'll assume you want to know how to get onto the right one. A few hints may be vital, to lay the groundwork, such as, "Wouldn't it be fun if we could all go to the Oriental Café for my birthday? What could be more gruesome than having to prepare my own birthday dinner?"

That's just an example, of course. Personally, I prefer the birthdays spent at home, with everyone easy and relaxed. Maybe your choice would be a picnic dinner at the nearest scenic spot, or tickets to a concert, with dinner in the city. Just don't be secretive about your desires, even though they may be quite a jolt to the family.

Presents pose a problem. Sometimes my gang waken to discover that it's suddenly Mom's birthday. So they borrow on next week's allowance, dash to the store after school, bringing home a bottle of dime-store perfume that must be stealthily, little by little, poured down the drain.

Is your birthday ever the signal for a deluge of "things for the house"? I emphatically urge that families at least find out how Mother feels about that! Personally, I rebel at sensible, utilitarian gifts camouflaged as belonging to me! Five people live in our house, and they all use as many sheets, towels, and pillow slips as I do!

Granted, not all women feel that way. So a little exploratory work is called for to find out what gift would really bring pleasure. A good idea (I always intend to use it, but generally forget) is to write down, on a desk calendar, the suggestions that are made from time to time. Then, come the day for that shopping to be done, no racking of the brain! Someone admires greatly a certain record or recording artist—make a note of it. Or it may be a particular author or poet. Grandmother yearns over a



pretty piece of costume jewelry, but feels it is a luxury, so does not indulge.

The little boy in the department store carefully chose a soft yellow bath mat and seat cover; then slowly counted the quarters and dimes which he pulled from his blue jeans pocket. His eyes sparkled under the thatch of bright yellow hair.

"That's for my mom's birthday!" he announced to the clerk. "We just put our bathroom in this fall, and she's never had anything like these before."

Though it was something for the house, it was a very special gift, with no doubt of the warm reaction of the young mother, particularly since her son had earned the money himself.

Considering thoughtfully the inexpensive doll which she had received, after requesting a big bride doll, our youngest stated a sound philosophy: "'Tisn't how much things cost that matters, anyway. It's how much love there is, that counts."

Among the most treasured gifts of all parents are

the items made with love and anticipation, valueless from a monetary standpoint, but priceless in intrinsic value. The little plaster of Paris plaque with our first-born's stubby handprint hangs in the place of honor in the study. Since that kindergarten teacher planted the idea, this daughter has always given thought and care to the making or selecting of gifts.

Such gifts not only mean more to the recipient; the joy of giving is enhanced in the creating process. Then how we exult when the child's creation generates an enthusiasm for a craft or art at which he becomes proficient!

Our birthday observance, then, becomes not merely the pampering of our whim or fancy, but the forging of talents that will bring satisfaction to the child, kindling in him the spark of creativity. Families that encourage self-expression and individuality teach two great lessons: that he who loves to create need never be bored in life, and as expressed by Emerson, "The only true gift is a portion of thyself."

## Memorizing Can Be Family Fun!

by Rosalie W. Doss

THIS  
IS THE WAY  
WE DID IT

"I hate poetry!" declared our 10-year-old Ann one afternoon when she came home from school.

"And why don't you like poetry?" I asked.

"I have to learn a poem for school, and it takes so long to learn it. I'll have to sit in my room and say the old poem over and over again. I won't be able to play or anything. It's no fun to memorize things!"

I could sympathize with her. I could remember back to my school days when I, too, had dreaded memory work. Memorizing was a lonesome task. Yet, the poetry and bits of philosophy which we learn so reluctantly and so painfully in our youth are things that we cherish and treasure as we grow older. It becomes part of our heritage. How often a line of long-remembered verse has given me courage or expressed a sentiment which I never could have found words for myself! Surely, something that could become so much a part of our lives should be more fun to learn. "And why can't it be?" I asked myself.

With this thought in mind, I started a wonderful new hobby in

our family. That evening, after supper, I suggested that we learn Ann's poem with her. At first everyone was skeptical. When it was discovered that the poem wasn't very long, however, we went to work on it.

First, we read the poem to find out just what it meant. It is fun to see how many different ideas and thoughts that a poem will provoke in one group. Then we went over the words that we weren't sure of. Sometimes youngsters have trouble memorizing when they do not know the definition of unfamiliar words. There is nothing more pathetic than to hear a child recite a poem in a singsong voice—it is a dead giveaway that he understands very little of what he has memorized.

After we were sure that we understood the poem, we repeated it together several times. Then each of us took a turn seeing how many lines we could remember before we bogged down. It became a game. Each person wanted to see if he could add just a few more lines than the person before him. Then, in no time at all, we all knew the poem!

"That wasn't hard at all!" exclaimed Ann when she realized how quickly she had learned the poem.

"It was fun, too!" chimed in Edith, one of Ann's little friends who had joined our group.

After that we often memorized poetry together just for fun. Besides poetry, we also memorize Bible verses, and things like the Gettysburg Address and appropriate bits of verse and readings for special holidays. We also learn tongue twisters. The children love these and are always coming home with new ones to try on the family.

Not only does memorizing in a family group help the children with their school work, but it also gives them a real chance to understand and appreciate good literature in their homes. It gives them special encouragement and a willingness to learn when Mother and Dad are interested, too!

Nor does memorizing have to be limited to a certain age group. Every member of the family can participate. Everyone from the pre-schooler to grandmother can join in when the family memorizes "just for fun!"





# Attitudes in

There was little conversation at the Elderson dinner table. The afternoon had been full of far too much talk, most of it unpleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Elderson were still suffering the shame of having spent two uncomfortable hours in the office of the high school principal. They had been trying to discover why teen-age Randy Elderson had been so disrespectful to his history teacher.

At first, Mr. Elderson had been in favor of dismissing the incident by chalking the episode up to the actions of a high-spirited boy. Both parents, however, finally had to admit that the boy must face up to the seriousness of what he had done and recognize his personal responsibility. They agreed with the principal that Randy should not have punctuated an argument with his teacher by standing up in front of the class and making disparaging remarks about the teacher's character and professional ability.

The Eldersons' emotions had run the gamut from disbelief, hurt, and embarrassment to anger. For when the principal at last agreed to allow Randy to re-enter school if he would apologize to his teacher, Randy rebelled. The Eldersons had thought that the incident would be settled, but Randy declined to co-operate.

The boy refused to consider the fact that he was putting his educational future in jeopardy by his attitude. Randy's stubbornness confused his parents. They did not realize that they were directly responsible for the unhappy situation.

Mr. and Mrs. Elderson failed to

recall the times when they had made similarly disparaging remarks about the local school administration. They did not know how these remarks had affected Randy. How many times Mr. Elderson had said, "Children today are not getting a good education because teachers are not so sincerely concerned with their welfare as they were when I was a boy." Or "Teachers haven't received adequate training, and that's why they can't handle kids." Or "Teaching used to be a respected calling. Today it's just a job for those who aren't fit to do anything else."

Many times Mr. Elderson had spoken critically of teachers in hasty anger. All too often his beliefs were built on ignorance, prejudice, or fear, without consideration of the facts. When Mr. Elderson did hear of one authentic case of a teacher who was incompetent, he mistakenly assumed all teachers to be incompetent. Mr. Elderson had an earnest desire for Randy to get the best possible education. He failed, however, to use constructive methods to insure this. Instead of working through acceptable channels to insure high educational standards, he resorted to irresponsible complaining and name-calling at home. Mr. Elderson unconsciously communicated his negative attitude to his son. His son, in turn, caused himself and his family a large measure of grief.

This communication of attitudes, good or bad, occurs in every family, often without conscious effort. Sometimes parents are aware of the importance of their influence

and attempt to help form attitudes which will be a valuable asset throughout life. On the other hand, a father who asserts loudly that "Traffic cops have to give a certain number of tickets each day and they don't care whom they pick on," or "That shop foreman is high-handed and unfair; he only holds his job because of 'pull,'" helps to develop in his children a disrespect for authority. A mother who treats the milkman, grocery boy, or store clerk with disrespect is helping to develop an attitude of social snobishness in her children.

Parents who insist that certain groups of people are dishonest because of their business or culture, create in young minds a sense of distrust. On the other hand, that devious business deal or sly income-tax deduction which Dad boasts about at the dinner table leads children to believe that clever or undetected dishonesty is not wrong. In a recent survey of college students, it was revealed that a discomfiting number accepted cheating as the standard practice. Why are parents so surprised to reap what they have sown?

Law enforcement agencies report that juvenile crime is on the increase. Authorities recognize that small crimes lead to greater infractions of law. What lesson in honesty do children receive when parents bring home pencils, stationery, tools, and other items belonging to an employer and use them at home? One teen-ager, who was apprehended smuggling bacon out of the packing house where he worked, gave the excuse,



by Mary Blair Immel

# the Making

"The owner of the plant will never miss what little I take. He's loaded." It might be interesting to learn where and how he developed this attitude.

The little white lie, the broken promises, the laughter about a person who suffers a deformity or has an emotional problem are destructive attitudes which many

children have inherited from thoughtless parents.

On a nationally telecast program, small children being interviewed are often asked by the master of ceremonies if they would like to become President of the United States. The majority of these young citizens say they have no desire to get mixed up in poli-

tics in any way. Many who have this attitude come from homes in which parents assert that all public servants are crooks or unworthy of respect.

Consider the father who comes home from a local service club meeting and reports, "I really got railroaded into serving as chairman for the Children's Home fund drive. All I did was make a suggestion, and I got stuck with all the work." How can this man expect his children to be enthusiastic about assuming civic or leadership responsibilities?

Active laymen or laywomen who cannot understand why their own children do not take an interest in participating in church activities would do well to re-examine their own basic attitudes. Rather than accepting church work as an opportunity for self-expression and Christian service, many active lay people complain about the burden that such service imposes upon them. Why would children of these parents wish to be active in church? Their parents have demonstrated what a disagreeable place church is.

What attitudes are being molded when parents proclaim that a minister preaches too long or that he is a hypocrite? What kind of leader is developed in a home where the father becomes a heavy-handed dictator as soon as he takes

When young people are rebellious, troublesome, and not so easy to live with, parents had better take a good, long look at themselves to see if their teen-agers are actually emulating their attitudes.

—Photo by erb





the gavel as chairman of the Board of Elders?

It seems to be a strange paradox that teen-agers rebel at parental advice, and yet their attitudes are a striking reproduction of those displayed by their parents.

Since the actions of teen-agers which disturb parents the most are usually reflections of their own past performances, parents would do well to make a careful self-inventory.

#### Does my general attitude indicate

1. That I am careful to have complete and correct facts before I express myself? Yes----- No-----.
2. That I do not accept isolated incidents as general practice? Yes----- No-----.
3. That I do not allow emotion to force me to make hasty judgments?

Yes----- No-----.

4. That I do not blame others for unfortunate matters in which I have a moral responsibility? Yes----- No-----.

5. That I am honest in very small matters, as well as in large ones? Yes----- No-----.

6. That I do not consider it an imposition when I render a service or assume leadership? Yes----- No-----.

7. That I can sublimate personal prejudices for the benefit of my family? Yes----- No-----.

8. That I seek worth-while channels for action, rather than merely complaining about problems? Yes----- No-----.

9. That I can admit my errors in judgment or opinion? Yes----- No-----.

10. That I am aware of the importance of the home in the formation of attitudes? Yes----- No-----.

If you answered "yes" to all ten of these questions, you'd better ask yourself, "Could anyone be that perfect?" From 6 to 9 "yes" answers indicate a fairly constructive attitude, but there is always room for improvement. Five or less "yes" answers indicate that your own example is probably not helping your children to form wholesome and constructive attitudes. If you could not honestly answer "yes" to any of these questions, you have at least one constructive attitude—that of being able to analyze yourself in an open-minded manner, with an evident desire for self-improvement. From here on it is up to you.

## Responsibility

There is a faith bequeathed to every man:

His son may someday number with the great  
And, living in a democratic land,

It is a likely thing to contemplate.

And yet I'm sobered by the very thought—

This boy of mine, today a tender lad,  
May someday shape the destinies of men  
According to his code of good or bad.

And I must form that code; I would not dare

To shun the vast amount of work entailed—

For, back of each of history's ruthless men,

There may have been another man who failed.

—Harold Gerard

## The Builder

Be not distressed because the noontime sun

Lays wilting hands upon the violet;

The zinnia's bloom has only then begun

To spread itself into a coronet.

And do not grieve when yellow poppies fold

Their wide-cupped flowers against the coming  
chill;

The nights are young when afternoons are old,  
And moonrise waits beyond the eastern hill.

All things are changed: through summer spring  
is fall;

Through seeking youth the child becomes of age;  
Through time of stress we learn to walk star  
tall;

Through pain of growth we reach our heritage.  
For God, who gave us life, laid out the Plan,  
Made change to build the stature of a man.

—Enola Chamberlin





—Illustration by Bettye D. Brown

Peggy never said anything about the change in the way that people acted toward her, but her eyes took on the look of a bewildered puppy who has just been spanked for some prank.

# Please, God, Another Miracle

by Anna Lou Shanor

Virginia Palmer watched silently as the nurses wheeled her daughter Peggy down the hall to the operating room. Jim Palmer looked down at his wife's tense, anxious face, squeezed her hand, and whispered hoarsely, "Don't worry, honey—she'll be all right this time."

"This time," Virginia thought as she relaxed a little and walked over to the big red sofa in the waiting room. She shuddered as

she remembered the last time they had waited here. "Was it really only a year ago?" she murmured. Jim nodded, understanding her thoughts. It did seem an eternity.

Peggy had been just barely four years old, the kind of little girl parents dream about, when the accident had happened. She had always been carefree and gay. You couldn't expect a child like that to look both ways before she chased her ball into the street.

Virginia put her hands to her ears as though to blot out the sound of screeching brakes and skidding tires. She could still see Peggy lying there, as limp as a rag doll carelessly tossed on the ground.

"You've killed her," she had screamed hysterically at young Johnny Masters as he knelt beside Peggy, saying over and over, "I didn't see you, Peggy, I just didn't see you. . . ."

Virginia's memory of the rest





In their boundless gratitude of that moment, they

was like a triple exposure, one confused picture on top of another. The ambulance rushing up, sirens screaming, the policeman lifting Peggy onto the stretcher, a doctor injecting something into the child's arm, someone trying to comfort Johnny while others were helping Virginia into the ambulance with Peggy.

The news of the accident had spread quickly around the small New England town. All through the community horrified parents, knowing it could have happened to any of them, had hugged their children closer to them that night as they put them to bed.

It was the minister who had broken the news to Jim and had taken him to the Boston hospital. When they had arrived, the doctor had told them Peggy's skull, as well as her arm and leg, had been badly fractured. She had had a concussion.

"Only a miracle can save her," the doctor had said. "But we'll do our best."

"Isn't there anything we can do for her, Doctor?" Virginia had pleaded. She felt so helpless now that Peggy needed her more than ever.

The doctor had looked at Virginia's tear-stained face, her rumpled auburn hair. "Yes," he said seriously, "you can pray."

They did pray, through the long hours while they had waited for Peggy to emerge from the operating room, and then for three endless days afterward while she had lain in a coma, scarcely breathing, in her small, white hospital bed. Not just the Palmers and the minister, but the whole congregation and many of their friends who attended other churches, even some who had not been inside a church for five years, had prayed. It had never been done before; but when the people had telephoned the min-

ister to ask about Peggy, he had told them what the doctor had said. They had begun calling others to join them at the church. Some had been able to come only for five minutes, but others had kept an almost constant vigil, remaining through the night.

The Palmers, keeping watch by Peggy's bedside, had heard of their prayers and had been strangely sustained by them. Gradually, they had become confident that the prayers would be granted. When at last Peggy had moved, had opened her blue-violet eyes, had blinked her long eyelashes, and had tried to smile at them, they had been able only to whisper reverently, "Thank God, she will live. . . ."

In their boundless gratitude of that moment, they had not noticed that Peggy had smiled with only half her face and had reached out only one hand to them.

But as the weeks had worn on, they had noticed. Peggy's face, which had been like a golden-haired cherub's before the accident, had become pinched and drawn. One side was paralyzed. Her smile, which before had been like sunshine peeping out from behind the clouds, had become lopsided, almost grotesque. The paralysis had partially affected her right arm, too. When she finally got out of bed and began to walk around, they had noticed that she limped and seemed to drag her right leg behind her as though it had become much heavier than her other one.

In the months that followed, Virginia had sometimes thought bitterly that Johnny Masters had indeed killed their little girl; for the child who had left the hospital with them was not at all the same Peggy they had known. She didn't skip ahead to greet their friends who, before, had stretched

out their arms for her, exclaiming how pretty she looked, or asking, "My, how does your mommy have time to comb all those curls?" The warm glow of pride was gone as they walked with Peggy to Sunday church school. Virginia tried not to notice the shocked expressions on their friends' faces, or the way people looked in another direction as they passed by.

Peggy never said anything about the change in the way that people acted toward her, but her eyes took on the look of a bewildered puppy who has just been spanked for some prank. She no longer seemed to care how she looked. She continually stuffed herself on cookies and crackers, even though the children teased her about getting fat. Worst of all, she began to sneak food off the shelf after Virginia had told her firmly that she could not have any more.

"Really, Peggy," Virginia had scolded angrily one day after Peggy had stolen a candy bar from the corner drugstore, "you can't blame people for not liking you when you do things like this."

Virginia had tried to make a game of dieting with Peggy. Together they had concocted raisin faces on the pear and cottage cheese salads at lunch time or had made milkshakes with eggs, skim milk, and artificial sweeteners. Yet nothing had seemed to do any good.

When Virginia asked the doctor for other suggestions, he merely stroked his chin and answered, "You know, you can't make a four-year-old diet. Perhaps she needs the comfort these extra sweets give her right now."

Peggy didn't want to play with other children any more either. She stayed alone in the back yard for hours at a time, building houses in the sand only to beat



noticed that Peggy had smiled with only half her face.

them down again with her toy shovel.

Her only remaining contact with her friends was in Sunday church school. She liked Margie, her gay young teacher, who was also secretary for their church Youth Fellowship. Peggy could remember Margie's stories almost word for word. After Margie had asked Peggy to choose a song, or had helped her take part in class projects, Peggy almost forgot she was different now.

Yet it was in church school that Peggy had had her worst moment. Two weeks before this second operation, the children had been playing a game about "Noah and the Ark" while they were waiting for their parents to come for them after church. One youngster had chirped, "Let Peggy be an elephant—she looks like one!" The other children had laughed and had merrily taken up the singsong chant, "Peggy's an elephant, Peggy's an elephant, Peggy's an elephant. . . ."

Peggy had burst out crying. Struggling from around the gate at the door, she had run down the path toward home just as the Palmers were coming for her. Another kindergartner, watching Peggy's uneven gait, had piped up, "My Mommy said she's glad I don't limp when I run."

Margie's face had been dark and red. She had had a hard time saying anything at first. Then she had muttered angrily, "Fine Christians we are—praying that Peggy might live, and then making her wish she hadn't."

Virginia had suddenly felt weak and a little sick. She had leaned against the wall for a moment as she watched Jim go after Peggy. He had caught her easily and had gently lifted her up to his broad shoulders. He didn't carry her piggyback very often any more be-

cause the doctor had encouraged them to let Peggy do as much for herself as possible. Virginia had wondered if Peggy really understood. She had seemed so child-like as she rested her head on top of her daddy's light brown hair.

At dinner Peggy had again been her quiet, stoic self. She had gobbled her food without saying a word or looking at either of them. "If only she would smile just once," thought Virginia, "I wouldn't care how crooked it was." It was then that she had realized that Peggy had not tried to smile for many, many weeks.

Peggy had been unusually tired after dinner. She had gone upstairs for her nap without her usual stormy protests and was asleep almost instantly.

Jim had paced the floor a moment and then had asked abruptly, "If Dr. Bryant will see us this afternoon, do you think Margie would stay with Peggy?"

"Oh, yes, Jim!" Virginia had answered. Ever since Peggy's upset that morning, she had known they would have to risk the second operation that Dr. Bryant had suggested several months before. Of course, it wouldn't help her leg, but it might be possible, the doctor had explained, to overcome the facial paralysis by transplanting a nerve from Peggy's shoulder to her face. The operation would be difficult and uncertain, but it was her only hope for improvement.

Jim had put his arm around Virginia and had said, "It will be worth taking out a second mortgage on the house to have Peggy smile again, won't it?"

The Palmers had driven up the elm-lined lane to Dr. Bryant's century-old house, the same house where his father had lived when he was a country doctor. Al-

though Dr. Bryant, now one of the most famous surgeons in the state, usually made more money for one operation than his father had in six months of country practice, he still had his father's genuine concern for each of his patients. "We're people to him and not just cases," Virginia had thought gratefully.

"Hello, there," Dr. Bryant had called as he came down the porch steps to greet them. "Just been watching those robins up there building a nest." He winked at the Palmers. "Kind of nice to listen to birds squawking instead of people now and then!"

"How's my Peggy?" he had asked as they settled down in the comfortable wicker porch chairs. "Ready to try that second operation yet?"

"That's what we came to ask about," Virginia had said hesitantly.

"Good," Dr. Bryant had interrupted. "After all, it's not often a doctor gets paid in advance." He had reached into his coat pocket and had pulled out a wrinkled envelope. "Been saving this until you two got strong enough for another operation—Oh, I know, you thought Peggy couldn't take it this soon again, but you weren't fooling me."

"What is it?" Jim had asked, too curious about the envelope to be indignant because of the doctor's insinuation.

"Just money," Dr. Bryant had replied casually. "\$275.00."

"But who? Where?"

"Can't say—promised I would not. The young nitwit insisted I take it. Said he hadn't enjoyed driving that hot rod of his lately anyway."

"Johnny Masters!" Virginia had gasped.

Dr. Bryant had smiled. "I did not say that. But I think I can



get Peggy into the hospital by a week from Tuesday."

Peggy had been brave about the operation after Dr. Bryant had told her it might help her move her face again. "The way I used to?" she had asked anxiously.

She was in surgery for two hours and a half. When the nurses wheeled her back to her room, her entire face and chest were wrapped in bandages.

The Palmers waited beside her bed for Peggy to regain consciousness. "Please, God," Virginia prayed fervently, "grant us another miracle."

Peggy stirred. Virginia reached over and grasped her hand. The child's small plump fingers curled around her mother's hand and clung tightly as though she were crossing a wide, dangerous street for the first time.

Then Peggy reached up to touch her face. She seemed surprised when she felt the bandages. "We'll have to wait a while, dear," Virginia explained, "before we can know whether the operation helped."

Peggy quickly regained her strength. Two weeks later Dr. Bryant visited her to remove the bandages. "Today we see what's in the package!" he kidded her as he took the sterile scissors from the nurse and carefully began to snip the adhesive tape.

"Am I fixed?" Peggy asked when the last gauze strip had been removed.

"Not so fast, young lady," Dr. Bryant protested. "You'll have a handsome red scar to show off to the other kids in the ward for a while."

Peggy struggled to climb up on her knees in bed. The nurse reached out to stop her, then realized she was trying to look in the mirror across the room.

"See, Peggy" she said. "Your face is straight now! And that scar will go away in a few weeks."

Peggy looked a moment, then dropped back on the bed. She was trying not to cry, but big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Darling, whatever is the matter?" Virginia exclaimed.

"I . . . I thought I would look like my picture on the piano again," Peggy cried softly. "The way I did when you loved me."

Virginia sank down on the bed beside Peggy. "But dearest," she protested, "we've always loved you, now as much as ever."

Peggy looked wistfully up at her mother. If only she could be sure! Suddenly, Virginia realized that if anything had happened to Peggy during this operation, they would have grieved just as much for this Peggy as for the angelic four-year-old whom they had nearly lost a year before. But little Peggy, young as she was, had sensed their injured pride when visitors had looked at the picture and remarked, "Is that your little girl? She was pretty then, wasn't she?"

Dr. Bryant was perplexed by Peggy's listlessness. "I don't understand why she isn't showing any expression," he complained. "She reacts to the nerve sensitivity tests and, so far as I can tell, she should have recovered the use of her facial muscles."

"If only I could make her understand that we love her just the way she is," Virginia thought desperately. Yet, knowing there had been times when she had resented their awkward little Peggy, Virginia's natural affectionate impulses were held back by a cold wall of guilt.

Although Peggy was well enough now to play with the other convalescing children in the ward, she seemed afraid to approach them. Sometimes, after looking at the get-well card that her church school class had made for her, she would start toward the playroom; but then, catching a glimpse of her own reflection in the glass by the nurse's desk, she would go back to her bed and cover her face with the sheet, consoling herself with the giant panda that her parents had given her. She still looked up questioningly at her mother during visiting hours, but Virginia was glad to see that her eyes had lost their injured look.

The time came when Peggy was

to be discharged from the hospital in two more days. Virginia sighed as she kissed Peggy goodbye. Perhaps it had been too much to ask for a second miracle.

Suddenly, as she stepped out of Peggy's room, there was a shuffle down the hall. "Mrs. Palmer, where's Peggy?" someone called in a loud stage whisper.

Startled, Virginia turned around. "Margie, Allen, Johnny . . ." The whole youth group was there! Didn't they know that only two people could visit a patient at a time?

"It's all right, Mrs. Palmer," the nurse assured her, laughing. "They got permission from the doctors to serenade Peggy today. I don't know where we'll put all the cargo though," she added jokingly, looking at the boxes that the young people were carrying. They had several brightly wrapped packages marked "Peggy," and also two large cartons of dolls and trucks.

Margie flushed. "We've been getting together to make this stuff every night since Peggy came to the hospital. We . . . we thought she'd have more fun if we brought something she could give to the other children in the ward, too." All the young people were grinning. "More like Christmas that way," Johnny added.

The group quickly gathered outside Peggy's door. Before Peggy really understood what was happening, they started to sing a revised version of one of their favorite folk songs:

"It's Peggy in the springtime,  
It's Peggy in the fall,  
If I can't have my Peggy gal,  
I'll have no gal at all. . . ."

Peggy's eyes brightened, her mouth dropped open in amazement. Even through her joyful tears, Virginia could see Peggy realized that they liked her the way she was now!

"Thank you, God," Virginia whispered. "Peggy's smiling!"

Virginia quietly hurried down the hall. She had to get home right away. Get home and take that old picture of Peggy off the piano.



# Birthdays Are Important!

by Ruth C. McDowell

A birthday is a child's special day, usually anticipated as much as Christmas. This article gives you hints on planning a successful birthday celebration for your child.



Birthdays are important! To every one of us, this day that is strictly our own has special significance. How much more is this true for a child! All young children love being noticed, and there is no better reason and time for them to be at the center of attention than on their own birthdays! The excitement of receiving presents and cards, being wished a happy birthday by many people, perhaps having a special privilege at school or Sunday church school as a birthday child, help build up a sense of worth and individuality. Too, each birthday heralds the arrival of a bigger person, one year older than last year, now ready to receive all the accompanying privileges, advantages, and responsibilities of the new age.

Not only are birthdays important; they are a lot of good plain fun. The birthday party is just about the only real social event, as such, for the pre-schooler (and often for the older child, too), and its importance to children seems almost greater than that of Christmas. One has only to watch children at play to realize the joyful importance of rituals that go along with a birthday celebration. In our backyard set, the two- to six-year-olds play birthday party regularly. This consists of making a cake out of anything available—sand, clay, odd pieces of paper—putting candles of sticks or stones on it, and singing “Happy Birthday.”

For many reasons it is better that this all-important party not be a surprise to the child. Most im-

portant to young children is the fact that they do not appreciate the element of surprise; rather, they find it difficult to adjust to any sudden change in plans or activity which they have not been told of in advance. Thus, it is much better for the child to know early all about his party. He knows then what will happen and what will be expected of him and his friends. Too, for a child of any age, his feeling of being an important member of the family must grow as he sees Mother and Father, and perhaps older brothers and sisters, devoting themselves to the planning and success of his very own party.

Ideal for all involved is the active participation of the child, from three years onward, in the preliminary consultations and preparations for the party. Half the fun of giving a party is the preparation and planning for it, and even the youngest child enjoys getting ready for a happy time with his friends at his house. While the planning and participation in carrying out of his party is an absolutely essential part of the social knowledge of an older child, it is certainly an invaluable and enjoyable social experience for a younger one too!

While a party for a one-year-old is really an adult celebration, a two-year-old is pleased with cake and ice cream and several relatives or close friends (accompanied by their mothers) of his own age to play with. The three-year-old is ready for a real party, and he can be included in almost all phases of planning. While one guest for each year of his age is a



good rule of thumb, the child should choose his own guest list; and unless it goes beyond all reason, the mother should make every effort to include those he wants, rather than those children of friends she feels should not be left out. If funds are short, or if mother and child are ingenious, it is fun to make some simple decorations. These may be crepe paper streamers, hats, and favors, made on rainy days before the party. This is an activity in which older children can share. Even if this is not done, the child certainly should be included in the shopping expedition to the dime store for the purchase of favors, balloons, paper cups and plates, napkins, or whatever is needed for the party.

For the three- to five-year-old party, the best time of day should be carefully thought out and perhaps worked out with other mothers so that no conflicts with naps or split kindergarten sessions arise. For very young children, a late morning party with light lunch included in the refreshments, or perhaps a short "dessert" party right after lunch might be the best solution. The children then can return home in time for naps and can eat without spoiling their evening appetites, as they are likely to do if the party is at three in the afternoon. The party should not last for more than one or one and a half hours.

The birthday child can be consulted about the menu. Since a young child is such a conformist, he often will have quite definite ideas about what the proper food is, from his experience in attending friends' parties. Most neighborhoods seem to favor ice cream, cake, and milk, with small baskets of candy on the table; or for a lunch, milk, hamburgers, or tuna fish salad, carrot or celery sticks, and the dessert items.

While it sometimes is difficult to plan party activities for children with ages varying from three to six, something for everyone is a good principle to follow. Spontaneous play with the presents and other provided toys is best for three- and four-year-olds, while five- and six-year-olds can play simple group games. Of course, this requires the presence

of at least two adults. When the great day arrives, the child can help in the baking and icing of the cake (he may want a certain color which Mother can provide with a few drops of vegetable coloring), setting the table, straightening the home, and generally getting ready for the party.

By six or seven years of age, children respond readily to suggestions for group play. With careful pre-party planning of activities and time to be spent on each, a two-hour party can be kept in bounds despite the great excitability of the age. Fathers are very important to the six-year-old, and it is a good plan to have the party on a day when Daddy, and perhaps older brothers and sisters, can help run it. The party should alternate between active and quiet play. The birthday child can further help plan by being given choices of what he thinks his friends would like to do: Would he rather have coloring and clay modeling when his friends arrive, or puzzles and building toys? After these initial activities a few carefully chosen non-competitive group games, such as hot potato (rolling a ball back and forth as though it were too hot to touch for long), can occupy the children until lunch. A good way to present favors at this age is by a "fish pond" or by having children pull streamers from a gaily decorated bag suspended from the ceiling. After these activities, children enjoy a trip to zoo, firehouse, park, or whatever your community affords. Then again the birthday child can select beforehand from choices offered him. If the weather is bad, plan an indoor showing of home slides or movies. The birthday child can choose the pictures that he wants his friends to see, such as animals, those of the neighborhood, or of the children themselves. A present at departure time makes leaving easier, and balloons seem particularly good for this.

By the age of eight or nine, the birthday child probably will have definite ideas of what he wants to do at his party, and the observing parent will know from daily talk and activity where his interests lie.

*(Continued on page 28)*



For most children a birthday isn't complete without a party and all the trimmings—cake, "popovers," streamers, games, and presents.

—Photo by erb



# *The Spiritual Furnishings of the Home*

... Are really more important than fine, upholstered sofas and chairs and luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting.

by Charles F. Kemp



Recently, a home show was held in our town. It was very interesting. There were displays of all the most recent appliances and furnishings for the home. According to the advertisements most of them were things that the modern home simply cannot do without. I am going to talk about some other things that the modern home cannot do without. None of these were on display at the home show, however; in fact, you cannot buy them any place. I would like to speak on "The Spiritual Furnishings of the Home."

Everything at the home show was the very latest model. The things I speak of are not new. Indeed, they are quite old. That does not mean that they are "old-fashioned." Rather, it means that they are things that have been tested through the years. It is interesting to note how the furnishings of a home have changed just in our memories. I can recall, as many of you can, how we banked the fire every night and

kindled it in the morning. Thermostatically controlled heat was simply amazing. In the summertime we would carry twenty-five or fifty pounds of ice and put it in the icebox every day. Keeping food frozen was not even thought of. I can remember when we didn't know the score of the ball game until we read it in the paper the next day. Someone would say, "Did you hear what the Giants did yesterday?" Now we see the game right in our own living rooms, even though it is being played a thousand miles away. Many other illustrations could be cited which would remind us that our modern homes have attractions and conveniences that we would not have dreamed of just a few years ago.

When we consider it historically, the contrast is even more marked. Take, for example, that famous love story found in the Book of Genesis. Jacob was in love with a girl by the name of Rachel. He was so much in love with her that

he agreed to work seven years for her hand. At the end of the seven years, he found that he had been tricked, and he had to work seven more years. Then there is this significant phrase: "It seemed but as a day because of his great love for her." He really was in love. When Jacob took Rachel home as his wife, it was to a Bedouin tent. The only furnishings were a few mats and earthen jars which they took with them when they moved about from place to place as the flocks needed new grazing land. Yet, the quality of faithfulness, understanding, and love is the same, whether it is in a tent in ancient Palestine or in a modern steam-heated, air-conditioned apartment with ultramodern furniture and indirect lighting.

A professor of mine used to say, "Methods change, but values remain the same." When Jacob and Rachel desired a drink of water, they would take an earthen jar which they had made themselves, go to the well, lower the



jar by a rope, and draw up the water. Today, if a person desires a drink of water, he turns a handle in the kitchen and the water is there. The methods of securing the water have changed, but the value of water to the human body remains the same today as it was in the days of Jacob and Rachel. What is true in the physical realm is equally true in the moral and spiritual realm. The methods of furnishing a home have changed considerably, but the value of patience, of understanding, of thoughtfulness, of love to the human personality remains the same today as it was then.

We need not go back so far in history to find other contrasts. Lincoln operated the White House without the benefit of a telephone, a radio, or even a fountain pen. One time when we were driving through Springfield, Illinois, we stopped to go through the house where he lived when he was elected President. I have always been a great admirer of Lincoln and was quite intrigued by his home. It was very commonplace, as one would expect. The furnishings were out-of-date compared to modern furniture, of course. As I looked at them, I thought of all the stories that I had heard or read about Lincoln, many of which happened while he was living in this house. Some things existed in that home that are never out-of-date. I am thinking of such things as humility, sincerity, and

integrity of character. It was here that he struggled with his conscience, when he refused to compromise with his political advisers, and said, "I am not bound to be elected; I am bound to be true." No historical society can preserve such an expression of character, but its influence lives on.

It is not to minimize the value of attractive and comfortable furnishings to stress the fact that most important of all are the spiritual furnishings that characterize our homes. Peter Marshall said, "The modern mother knows more about sterilization, diets, health, calories . . . and vitamins than her mother did. There is one subject about which she does not know as much—and that is God." That wouldn't be true of all homes, but it is true enough to cause us some concern. We need to give serious attention to the spiritual furnishings of our homes.

It is easier to illustrate than it is to describe. Here is a true story of an outstanding home. It goes back to the 1860's, to Olmstead County, Minnesota. The father was a country doctor. He took care of everybody in the pioneer village in which they lived and almost everybody in Olmstead County. Years later the mother was honored as an outstanding mother, but she didn't dream of any such honor then. She was far too busy taking care of her family, keeping house, baking bread, curing meat, spinning and

weaving cloth, and rearing her children.

There were two sons in this home; the elder was named William, and the younger, Charles. They worked hard, too; everybody in the family helped. The boys took care of the horses; they were responsible for keeping their father's office clean; they rolled the bandages he used and, on occasion, helped him with operations when he would meet an emergency in some farm home. Everybody worked in this home at whatever needed to be done, but they also had time for much pleasure together. They roamed through the woods, fished in the streams, and even set up a telescope so they could study the stars. Life was difficult. At times it even bordered on severe hardship. There were occasions when there was no food in the kitchen and no money to buy any. These were the early days of medicine, as we think of it; but on a trip to New York one time this pioneer doctor saw a microscope that cost \$600, and he wanted it. His wife said such a thought was preposterous. They couldn't even afford coats for the children. The husband protested that it would help him care for the sick. When she asked him how he intended to pay for it, he said he would mortgage the house. She said if it would help the sick, he should buy it, which he did. It took him ten years to pay off the mortgage. He showed his sons what could be seen through the microscope. The time would come when these boys would give away more than a million dollars for the training of young doctors, although they began their education by looking through a microscope that took ten years to pay for.

By now you have probably guessed the name of the family that we have been talking about. The father was Dr. William Worrell Mayo, and the mother was Louise Abigail Mayo. The sons were Dr. William and Dr. Charles Mayo, founders of the Mayo Clinic. When they were asked the secret of their success, they said that they were born in the right home at the right time.

This is what we mean by the

Family worship will strengthen spiritual ties in the home and will help a family to face better the unfortunate vicissitudes of life.

—Photo by erb





spiritual furnishings of the home. perhaps 'atmosphere' or 'surroundings' or 'influence' would be better terms. This home had very meager furnishings until years later, when the two brothers achieved such far-reaching success; but there were spiritual qualities that remained with them throughout their lives. It was here that they learned the dignity of work, that a man's body and mind were given to him to be used in honest toil and labor. They learned that the real satisfactions in life come not in ease and pleasure but in making a contribution to society. On the walls of his office in Rochester, Minnesota, Dr. Charles Mayo had a motto which read, "There is no fun like work." It was in their home that they learned consideration for others. They lived in an atmosphere in which people did not think of their own pleasure first, but of how they could be of help to someone else. This, I think, is one of the finest qualities of life. It was in their home that they learned to face difficulty and discouragement with confidence and with courage. It was in their home that they learned to trust a power beyond them-

selves. Dr. William Mayo once said, "No thinking man can read the Sermon on the Mount, or the life of Christ, without knowing that here is truth." This is the most important of all, for it is through such faith that man is able to do these other things.

Charles Andrews, famous missionary to India, wrote his autobiography under the title *What I Owe to Christ*. In it he told of an experience in his childhood in England. His was a religious home, and like many homes of that day, they had a period of family worship. He didn't think too much about worship periods as a boy until one day a crisis, almost a tragedy, occurred in the family. It was doubly difficult because it came so unexpectedly. It was further complicated by the fact that it came as a result of a betrayal of one of the family's closest friends. One they had believed in and trusted cheated them out of a life's savings and left them almost penniless.

Mr. Andrews said that he was too young at the time to remember all the details, but he never forgot the experience. He wondered what would happen when

the hour for family worship came that evening. When the time arrived, the family had its period of worship as usual. There was no bitterness or resentment, no fear, no doubt of the future, no lack of faith. God who had guided them in the past would guide them in the future. That was a humble home but richly furnished in the things of the spirit.

All these things are the meaning of faith. In time of question it gives one the assurance that life has meaning. In time of wrongdoing it gives one the assurance of divine forgiveness. In time of sorrow it gives one the assurance of an eternal hope; in time of need, a source of courage; in all experiences of life, a source of sustaining strength. Such faith should be present in every home. That is why the church and the home are so closely related. I believe in the church, but I know that the church without the support of the Christian home is powerless. You can reverse the statement, and the same thing is true. Such homes as we have described here are dependent upon a strong church. Each one strengthens and supports the other.

## Family Proverbs

by Rosalyn Eads

**THIS  
IS THE WAY  
WE DID IT**

No success story ever seems complete without a motto, faithfully followed, which has contributed to that success. Understanding means success to a child; he loves to hear the same stories read over and over because he has come to understand them and even know what is coming next in the story. Likewise, hearing or repeating a familiar phrase which is understood gives him a sense of pride and accomplishment.

Quite by accident we discovered the "family proverb" method of training to be our most successful one. Our three-year-old Marilyn began to develop an unhappy habit of being displeased with everything. If we gave her a red sucker,

she wanted a yellow one; or if I fixed cooked cereal, she wanted dry cereal. Thus our first family proverb came into being as we kept repeating, "You want to be happy with what you get." She caught on quickly and soon was telling us, with wee wisdom, that she liked the red sucker or cooked cereal or whatever it was because, "I want to be happy with what I get, don't I?"

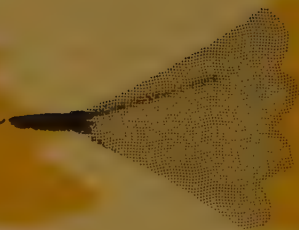
Although we try not to have too many, since that day we have added several to this one, among them: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," "If we beg, we won't get it," "We want to make Jesus happy," and "Stop and look both ways; then walk across the street." We hope

these simple proverbs will help mold our children's characters and stay with them through the years, and that as they grow older they will choose their own Bible verses and mottoes to guide them in their daily living.

Our three children were in bed with us for that extra half hour one Sunday morning, when our four-year-old son amazed us with the impression which our proverbs have made upon him. My husband and I were discussing whom we wanted for a church office to be filled that day; I laughed and said, "Oh, I want George." Very soberly, Darwin said, "Oh, no, Mother, you can't have him; you want to be happy with the Daddy you have."



by Loie Brandom



Autograph

If it is your turn to entertain your group of friends, and you are wondering what you can plan that will be fun and still be a bit different, why not try an autograph party?

The early months of autumn, soon after school has started, are an ideal time for such an event. Either your school colors or the brilliant red and gold hues of fall may be used in decorating the rooms and buffet table. For the invitations cut maple leaves from gold-colored art paper, and with red ink, letter the following:

At an autograph party,  
My guest will you be?  
With the date and hour chosen,  
I hope you'll agree.  
So please be on hand  
To join, with great glee,  
The fun that is planned,  
For this is my plea.

*Date*

*Address*

*Hour*

Upon arrival each guest is handed a sheet of paper and a pencil and asked to get the autograph of each of the other persons present. The one who secures the longest list of autographs receives a prize.

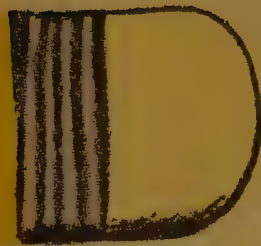
Authentic autographs of famous people make novel prizes. These can be obtained at almost any book store if the hostess herself does not happen to have a collection of her own which she can share. Most celebrities will be glad to furnish autographs for an occasion of this kind.

**Autograph Words.** This game is perfect for a mixer. Ask the players to count the number of letters in their names, and choose the name of the guest containing the largest number of letters. For an illustration, suppose the name should be found to be Alexander Delaney Potter. The letters of this name are then printed or stamped on white cardboard, and the cardboard is cut into squares, each square containing one letter. In this case there would be twenty-two lettered cards. If the hostess prefers, she can look up the middle names of each of her guests-to-be beforehand, and have the name already chosen and cards ready for use in this game before the guests arrive. If there are more players than there are letters in the name chosen, then add the necessary extra cards marking them with the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, until there is a card for each player.

Pin a card, in plain sight of all, on each player, and announce that the object of the game is to see who can take part in forming the greatest number of words from the letters. Thus, the player wearing the card with the letter L would try to find two or more other people with letters that combined with L would spell a word such as let, lot, land, lax, lap, lone, lean, lad, letter, etc. Each player taking part in the completion of any word writes that word down on his sheet of paper and then hastens to form other groups to spell new words. Or they may go as a group to find other letters and form a new word in that way. Thus, to LAD might be added the letters L-E and make LADLE and so on. Each time a word is completed, however, it should be put



# Autograph Party



on the lists of all the players taking part in spelling that word.

A prize at the end of the game goes to the contestant having the longest list of words, and another prize is given to the player having the largest total of letters used.

**Handwriting Analysis.** After each guest has written his autograph on a card, the cards are collected and handed to a handwriting "expert," who proceeds to tell briefly the main characteristics of the person named on the card as disclosed by his handwriting. Someone who knows the guests quite well can make amusing estimates of what outstanding traits their handwriting is supposed to show. It will add to the fun to have the "expert" study up a bit beforehand on graphology.

**Autograph Exchange.** For this form of entertainment the guests are divided into two teams of equal size. Each team chooses one young man to represent it. These two contestants take their place in the center of the arena, and each is handed a clean, bushy, longhandled floor mop, a pencil, and a stiff card or piece of cardboard. The teams on the sidelines root for their contestant.

At the word GO each contestant must lift one foot from the floor, and start sparring with his mop at his opponent, at the same time that he is trying to write his autograph on the card which he holds while hopping about on one foot. The object of the bout is to see which contestant can make the other touch

his upraised foot to the floor before he finishes writing his autograph. A point is scored for the winning side, and two more contestants are chosen to carry on the contest. At the end of a certain length of time, decided upon beforehand, the side having the most points wins.

**One Hundred or Nothing.** This is a game that all can play. The playing boards consist of five circles of different sizes, each circle inside another. The inner, or small, circle is marked 25, for scoring purposes; the next larger circle counts 20, then 15, 10, and 5.

If the party is a large one, several of these boards should be ready so several different teams can be playing at the same time. Each player is given five peanuts (in the shell), which he tosses, one at a time, trying to land them in the highest scoring circle. Each player gets three rounds of five throws each. The exciting feature of the game is the fact that 100 points even must be scored during his throws—no more, no less, or he scores nothing at all. It is really 100 points or nothing. Those lucky players who score 100 even points then compete against each other until only one contestant is left.

Autograph books make appropriate prizes for the winners at a party of this kind.

Refreshments could consist of any light repast in accord with the season. Sandwiches of various kinds are always welcomed when served with either a hot or cold drink. A simple dessert adds immensely to the popularity of any type of refreshment.



# Worship in the family— with children



## To Use with Younger Children

### A Happy Day

"Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you,"  
Wayne sang happily. He had just  
been to Jimmy's birthday party.  
Suddenly, he stopped. "Mother,"  
he asked, "does everyone have a  
birthday?"

"Yes," Mother answered.  
"Every person has a birthday of  
his very own."

"Oh," Wayne said.

For a long time, Wayne played  
birthday party. Sometimes he  
made birthday cakes in the sand  
box. Sometimes when he used his  
crayons, he made a birthday cake  
with candles on it.

There were other birthday parties  
to go to as other children had  
birthdays. Then Wayne would  
come home singing,

"Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you!"

One day Wayne asked, "Mother,  
when is my birthday?"

"Not for a long time," Mother  
answered. "Why?"

"I like birthday parties. Can  
I have a birthday party, Mother?"

"We'll see when it is nearer the

time for your birthday," Mother  
answered.

Then one day Mother said,  
"Wayne, your birthday will be  
next week. It is time to plan your  
party."

They talked about the children  
to invite. They talked about what  
to play. They talked about what  
to eat. They went to the dime  
store to buy party napkins, plates,  
and cups. They bought balloons.  
It was an exciting time!

When Wayne's birthday came,  
he helped Mother bake the cake.  
He carefully carried the milk from  
the refrigerator. He carefully  
carried the eggs. When the cake  
was baked, he helped to ice it. He  
helped to dust. He helped to set  
the table. Then it was time for

the children to come.

Everyone brought Wayne a  
birthday gift. It was fun to open  
the presents. It was fun to play  
with all the children. It was fun  
to eat the ice cream, and the cake  
that he and Mother had baked.

When the party was over and  
all the children had gone home,  
Wayne looked at his presents  
again. Grandmother had sent a  
new bathrobe. There was a game  
from Aunt Rose. There were new  
boots from Mother and Daddy.  
There were books and games from  
some of the children.

Wayne wanted Daddy to come  
home so that he could tell him all  
about the party. But Wayne was  
so tired that he couldn't stay  
awake!

—A. Devaney, Inc.

## Theme for September: My Birthday

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page  
and on the next two pages are  
for your use in moments of wor-  
ship with your children. If you  
have a family worship service  
daily in your home, some of the  
materials here may be used at  
that time. If you use *Secret  
Place*, you may find that some  
of them fit into the meditations  
in that booklet.





# To Use with Older Children

## Happy Birthday!

Marie had just moved to Summerfield. She did not know any boys and girls. She did not know who would go to her school, nor who her teacher would be. So she just sat around the house.

"Marie," Mother sometimes said, "why don't you go out to play?"

"I don't know who to play with," Marie would answer.

"You never will know anyone if you don't go out," Mother said.

One day Marie heard a soft meow, meow. She ran out into the back yard. A kitten was caught in the high hedge that separated their yard from the one next door.

"Mother!" Marie called.

Mother came, and freed the kitten. Marie held it gently.

"Oh, Mother, may I keep him?" she asked.

"He must belong to someone else," Mother said.

"But, Mother," Marie said, almost in tears, "if I had a kitten, I would not be lonesome. I would play outdoors like you want me to. Please, Mother, may I have a kitten for my birthday next Tuesday?"

"I don't know," Mother answered.

Marie put the kitten down, and it quickly scampered through a larger hole in the hedge and disappeared into the yard next door.

Marie really dreaded her birthday this year. She would not have a party. The move had cost so much that there probably would not be many birthday gifts, either. But the day finally came. She came downstairs, and her face lighted up as she saw the cards and packages by her plate on the breakfast table. Mother and Daddy sang "Happy birthday," and the day began happily.

After the packages were opened and Marie had exclaimed over each, Mother asked, "Marie, will you please get the mail?" Marie went out onto the porch. There

the biggest surprise of all awaited her! The kitten that had been caught in the fence was in the mail basket! He had wiggled so hard that he had pushed one foot and his tail through the bottom of the old basket.

"Mother!" called Marie.

Mother saw the kitten. "How did you get here, kitty?" Mother said. She and Marie lifted him out of the basket. A note was hanging from a ribbon about the kitten's neck. Marie opened it.

"Happy birthday," she read. "His name is Boots." The note was signed "From Sally (next door)."

Marie held Boots tightly and ran to the yard next door. There

stood Sally.

"Oh, Sally," Marie said, "how did you know this was my birthday?"

"I was on the other side of the hedge the other day and heard you," Sally said with a smile. "I planned then to give Boots to you, for we have a lot of kittens. I've been at Grandmother's, and just got home the day Boots got into your yard."

"Oh, thank you so much," was all that Marie could manage.

"I'm so glad you are living next door," Sally went on. "We can go to school together and play together."

"I am, too," Marie said. And she was!

—Clark and Clark





# For Family Worship

## My Birthday

(A Litany)

This is the day you gave to me,  
*Dear God, we give you thanks.*  
For all the days you have watched  
over me,  
*Dear God, we give you thanks.*  
For dentists and doctors who have  
cared for me,  
*Dear God, we give you thanks.*  
For family and friends who have  
shared with me,  
*Dear God, we give you thanks.*  
For the walls of this home now  
sheltering me,  
*Dear God, we give you thanks.*  
For the gifts that the day has  
brought to me,  
*Dear God, we give you thanks.*

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

## Growing Bigger

My daddy says, "My right-hand  
man  
Is such a help to me,  
He works at everything he can,  
As happy as can be!"  
And then he looks at me and winks  
And always pats my head;  
I sometimes wonder if he thinks  
I'd rather play, instead.  
  
Today my birthday came again;  
I'm glad that I am four.  
I'm bigger now; so I can work  
More than I have before.  
We stopped beneath a shady tree  
To plan what we would do;  
He said, "We'll work where there  
will be  
A harder job for you!"

—Jessie B. Carlson

—Luoma Photos



If you use a worship center in your home to help to create a mood for worship, plan carefully for the one you will use with this service. Feature the one whose birthday is being celebrated. Use an up-to-date picture and a baby picture with the Bible and flowers or a growing plant.

If none of the members of your family has a birthday at this time, you may wish to use this material in the birth months of your family.

### Call to Worship:

Ascribe to the LORD, O families of the peoples,

ascribe to the LORD glory and strength!

Ascribe to the LORD the glory due his name. —Psalm 96:7-8.

**Song:** Sing a song that is a favorite of your family, or choose between "Glad I Am to Grow," primary pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, page 45; and "A Birthday Wish," primary pupil's book, year two, summer quarter, page 45.

**Meditation:** Plan and prepare your own meditation based on a favorite passage of scripture, or on the call to worship, or choose between these two meditations from the primary pupil's book, year two, summer quarter: "Grow and Learning," page 43 and "Growing in Wisdom," page 34.

**Poem:** Use one that is printed on this page, or choose between "On a Birthday," primary pupil's book, year two, winter quarter, page 43 and "Prayer on a Birthday," primary pupil's book, year two, summer quarter, page 36.

**Song:** Use the song not used earlier in this service.

**Prayer:** Pray your own prayer, use the litany printed on this page, or use this prayer: Dear God, we are glad for our birthdays. We are glad that during each year of our lives we can grow in ways that help us to do harder things. Help us always to do the best work of which we are capable. Amen.



by Helen Houston Boileau

# SANDRA'S SPECIAL BIRTHDAY

Sandra had been sick. On her birthday she was feeling much better, but she still had to stay in the house and could not invite her friends to a birthday party.

"Sandy," Mother said, "you have been so good while you have been sick that I am going to plan a special birthday surprise for you."

"Oh, Mommy, what is it?" Sandy asked. Although she had been disappointed at not being able to have a birthday party, Sandy had not complained. But a special surprise would be fun!

"You will just have to wait until your birthday on Monday to find out," her mother teased.

When Sandy came down to breakfast on Monday, there was a package on her chair from Mother and Daddy. On top of the package was a note that said:

"Every day,  
All week through,

There'll be one present,  
Just for you."

Sandy's eyes were sparkling. "You mean my birthday is going to last a whole week?" she asked. Mother and Daddy nodded. "Yes, instead of opening all your presents this morning, there will be one to open each morning this week."

"What a wonderful idea," Sandy laughed. "I can hardly wait."

"Well, why not open that first one now, then?" teased her daddy.

Sandy was so excited that she had trouble undoing the knot so that she could save the pretty ribbon. Finally, she got the box open, and there was a wonderful little washing machine that really washed.

That day, Sandy washed her dolls' clothes and some of her own little handkerchiefs while Mommy did the family laundry in the big

washing machine.

On Tuesday morning, Sandy was ready for breakfast fifteen minutes earlier than usual.

"I wonder why you're so early," her daddy said with a laugh. As though he didn't know!

When Sandy opened her Tuesday present, what do you suppose she found? A little electric iron. Yes, and it really and truly got hot. Sandy spent Tuesday ironing, just as Mother was doing that day.

Before she went to sleep on Tuesday night, Sandy tried to guess what she would find at her place at the table Wednesday morning. "Let's see," she said. "Monday, washday. Tuesday, ironing. Wednesday—mending!"

And Sandy was right. Wednesday's gift was a sewing set. Since none of her dolls' clothes needed mending, Sandy worked on a little tea towel that came with the set. Later, she helped Mommy sew buttons on some of Daddy's shirts.

Thursday's present was too big to go on the table. It was propped up against Sandy's chair. You can guess what it was, can't you? It was a cleaning set. There were a small broom, a dustpan, and a little carpet sweeper. Housecleaning never had sounded fun before, but with her new cleaning set, Sandy had lots of fun helping Mother.

"I wish there was some more lint on the rug so I could pick it up with my carpet sweeper," said Sandy.

Mother did not quite agree that she wanted any more lint, but she was glad Sandy liked her present. She said it made cleaning easier when Sandy helped, too.

(Continued on page 28)





Every family has many things in common—the telephone, TV set, bathroom, car, and so on ad infinitum.



# ALL THINGS IN COMMON



"Turn off that horrible noise, Joey—I don't care if it is your favorite TV program! Turn it off right now, before I make you sorry you didn't," screamed an irate parent in our neighborhood the other day. Poor Joey turned the dial, slunk up to his room, and dissolved into tears, feeling the complete frustration known only to a small boy, who is sure that his parents neither understand nor love him. He wondered, hopelessly, why he had ever been born.

Meanwhile, the parent involved felt guilty in bringing unhappiness to his child—but wondered why he must put up with such noise at the end of a long, tedious day—just because one small youngster craved noisy excitement. "Oh, what's the answer anyway?" he muttered to himself.

Such scenes are all too common in our American life today. When two parents plus one or more youngsters all live together in one house—with the usual one TV, one car, one telephone, one front porch, and one of innumerable other items, there are certainly the makings of many explosive situations.

Added to the many "things" which must be shared (or fought over) in the family, there are, as

well, the intangibles, such as time, tasks, and vacations. That many families have not learned to share is vouched for repeatedly by scenes similar to that of Joey and the TV. Everyone involved comes away unhappy.

How can the stresses and strains, caused by the contradictory desires of the several members of the family, be resolved, when these desires involve the use of things which all hold in common? Or do they hold them in common? What do we mean, "all things in common"?

Our subject is certainly a controversial one. It's easy to say, "Of course, we share in our family!" But do we? Are we willing to acknowledge that Tom has some right to the family car, perhaps? Or that Dorothy has as much right to long phone conversations as her mother? Or, that Dad has some right to expect Tom to share the expenses in running the car? Or that Mom has a right to expect some help from Dorothy in keeping the family's home presentable? It is with questions like these that we shall be dealing.

A feeling of oneness—a feeling of "ours," not



## Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups, by Marge Frank

"mine and thine"—is probably one of our main objectives in building a Christian family.

This "ours" feeling is more than a matter of sharing mere things, though particularly with the very young we must start here. It is more than a mere sharing of pleasures. Time, talents, work, and responsibilities are included when we speak of "all things in common."

Just how important is it that we feel that things are "ours," not "mine and thine," in the family?

The birth of the first baby into a home changes the lives of the parents in many ways. Soon they discover that their time and budget, interests and activities, must be shared with this new family member. Successful parents learn early that parenthood involves a lot of "giving."

At first the baby thinks only in terms of "getting," but slowly the wise parents teach their child the joys of giving and sharing. To fail to teach our child to share is one of the most serious mistakes that we parents can make. If we do not teach by example, how can we teach at all?

Sharing has always been in the very core of Christianity. ("He who has two coats, let him give one to him who has none.") Christianity has always em-

phasized the importance of the individual. Each person is valuable to God, and should be to his fellowmen.

Democracy, which in many ways is an outgrowth of Christianity, emphasizes the freedom and equality of each individual to develop. Real democracy necessitates much sharing and unselfishness, which must be learned at home.

Neither Christianity nor democracy can flourish if our children are not taught that each person is important, when decisions are to be made, and articles are to be used. If one or two people make all the decisions in our homes, we have a practicing dictatorship, no matter how benevolent it may be. Such an environment cannot produce generous youngsters, who are as zealous for the rights of others as they are for their own.

Lack of respect for family property, often growing into a lack of respect for public property or property belonging to any besides oneself, may result when children are made to feel that nearly everything in the family belongs to "Mommy and Daddy." When children feel that they have an ownership in family possessions, they are not so likely to be careless and destructive.

Perhaps one might wonder if there will be much of

Families should see that their common possessions give pleasure and usefulness to every member.

—Harold M. Lambert



a problem about sharing things and interests in a family whose members are in rapport. Probably not, but too often the question of who controls what, when, and how becomes the greatest single factor in keeping a family from gaining satisfactory, mutual understanding. When the family members think only in terms of mine—my car, my kitchen, my tools, my books, my vacation, my money, my toys—that family is not a very satisfied or happy one.

How sad it becomes when mere “things” cause family misunderstandings—sometimes to the point of family rupture! Can a Christian family afford not to teach each of its members to share?

“All things in common” does have certain limitations, which we might recognize here for a moment.

The very young will not realize at once what it means to be a sharer in the family’s goods and decisions. It takes some teaching for them to learn that

if we have the privilege of the use of an article, we have the obligation to help care for it. It will take even longer for them to learn that when we take part in deciding things, we consider everyone’s desires, not just our own.

Immature children are not ready to share fully in the use of all things, or in all decisions. Certainly, it is a Christian parent’s duty to see that his child is given as much responsibility for his share in the family’s possessions and decisions as he can handle.

Nor can we ever allow a child to feel that because he shares in the possession of an article, he has the right to destroy it. In so doing, he must be made to realize that he is destroying what belongs to others as well. Children who have not sacrificed to help acquire a possession may have difficulty in assessing its value.

Nor can we deny that in our culture each of us

## For “All Things in Common”

# Study Guide

### I. Leader’s Preparation

The quality of your preparation will determine whether the meeting is of any value to the group. Therefore, prepare yourself as thoroughly as you can. As you read this article, jot down points which appeal to you, or with which you disagree, and questions which come to your mind.

All members of the group should certainly be informed before the meeting, concerning the topic for discussion, so that they have had a chance to do some thinking. Ask them to jot down problem situations in family sharing and bring these along.

The topic of sharing in the family can certainly lead to lively and thoughtful discussion. There will be varying opinions concerning whether it is possible, or even desirable to hold all things in common in the Christian family.

The topic is one on which most of the members of your group will be prejudiced one way or another. May we strongly urge you to take as impartial a stand as you can, forgetting your own prejudices, and looking fairly at the issues involved.

Point out to your group, as you introduce your meeting, that you hope that they are there to think and learn, not just to exchange preconceived ideas, which they refuse even to consider changing. Remind them that Christian families value equally each member, and strive for the best interests of both the individuals and the group.

### II. Conducting the Meeting

Several possible types of meetings will be outlined here. You will choose the one which appeals to you most, keeping the abilities and needs of the group in mind as you make your choice.

Regardless of the type of meeting planned, we should like to suggest that it be opened with prayer. Perhaps a short résumé of the study article might follow, for the benefit of those who have not read it.

1) We would like to suggest that you consider the possibilities of using a film or filmstrip as part of the program, if these visual aids are available. If the visual aid is used as the major portion of the meeting, it may be necessary for you to point out to the group, before it is shown, the theme of the study for the meeting, so that the group will be thinking in terms of “all things in common” as they watch. Some of the discussion questions found at the end of this portion could then be used profitably.

2) A pro and con discussion could be very useful for a group which had two or more individuals interested enough to plan talks: “Having All Things in Common Is a Desirable and Possible Objective for the Christian Family” vs. “Having All Things in Common Is Neither a Desirable nor Possible Objective for the Christian Family.” Following their talks, the group could argue the points that they have made or failed to make.

3) Another type of meeting could be centered about some problem situations which you could lay before the group to discuss. Examples of these follow:

a) Jim is a notoriously poor driver. Must the family share the car with him?

b) Mother received a new sewing machine for Christmas. Anne wishes to use it, but refuses to heed any of Mother’s advice or instructions concerning it. Must Mother share it with her?

c) There is one TV set in the Henderson home. Mother’s favorite or

(Continued on page 30)



needs to feel that some personal things are particularly ours, and no one else's. Each one, child or adult, certainly has a right to say, "my toothbrush," "my socks," and "my stationery," knowing that his complete rights to such articles will not be questioned.

Creating the feeling of "ours" must become a goal in the Christian family. It will not be attained at once, particularly in a family group whose thinking is attuned to the "mine and thine" pattern. Nevertheless, we can work toward our goal each day, helping each other to understand what "all things in common" really means.

If we have a basic understanding and a feeling of good will in the family to start with, the task of becoming an "ours" family is not so difficult.

The exigency of an item should determine who is to have preference over it. If Dad uses the family

car in his business, certainly he should have first choice!

Learning to share will need to start on a small scale. In our family we own but one record player. The tastes in music of our two pre-schoolers do not at all coincide with ours. We are all learning to share. Sometimes we play "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and sometimes we play Mozart.

There is no set of rules to make a feeling of "all things in common" a reality for every family. Each family must develop its own methods for doing this, and the methods will change through the years as the family changes.

Every family, however, should strive toward a mutual respect for each other as persons. A happy, loving family group will result when all feel that possessions and decisions are "ours," not "mine and thine."

## BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Part of a knife -----	112 128 12 19 119
B Small, howling, prairie animal -----	102 41 49 60 24 6
C Hotly seasoned food that Mexicans like -----	28 17 7 53 33 43
D A colt's father or mother --	126 69 114 15 37
E Mountain that erupts ----	61 2 59 89 56 26 8
F Insects that annoy dogs --	55 34 100 25 63
G Top of a church -----	35 4 20 39 73 66 30
H Men or horses jump over this in a race -----	5 83 23 44 67 52
I Head covering, usually tied with strings -----	36 129 68 93 127 47
J Title for a lady -----	16 106 131 22 116
K What the red traffic light means -----	121 11 117 99
L Some of the boys in this wear bell-bottomed pants --	109 101 91 123
M He likes to operate Junior's electric train -----	1 65 51 29 92 130
N Mountain Snerd is one --	27 9 40 87 88
O What your shoes get when you play on the wet ground	80 46 120 86 18

P This you do in the water --	45 94 58 31 103
Q Place on which to run the electric train -----	77 108 79 90 38
R This one usually has 28 days -----	48 97 85 125 64
S Policeman's badge -----	104 96 122 75
T This is usually put on with a brush -----	21 84 13 95 76
U The evil one -----	54 115 118 32 107
V All -----	113 42 62 3 81
W Strong, fortified places ----	98 110 78 70 50
X A small table -----	57 111 74 10 71
Y Glittered -----	124 105 82 14 72

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		25	26	27	28	29 30
	31	32	33	34	35		36	37	38	39 40
41	42	43	44		45	46	47		48	49 50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58		59	60 61 62
	63	64	65	66	67		68	69	70	71 72
73	74	75	76		77	78	79	80		81 82 83
	84	85	86		87	88		89	90	91 92 93
94	95	96		97	98		99	100	101	102 103
104	105	106	107	108		109	110	111		112 113
114	115	116	117	118	119	120		121	122	123 124
125	126	127		128	129	130	131			



# Are You on Daylight Squandering Time

by Matilda Rose McLaren

I was parked in front of our grade school darning socks when young Kitty Gordon joined me. "Why is it," she exclaimed, "every time I'm in a hurry the kids are dismissed late? The time I've squandered sitting on this curb!" Then she spied my mending basket. "Is *that* your secret?"

"Secret?"

"Well, with five children, ten rooms, a husband, to say nothing of pets, you still find time to play the piano, write, lecture . . . how *do* you do it?" she wailed. "Me, with only one child and three rooms, and I'm never caught up!"

"At your stage in the game," I confessed, "I wasn't either. But as the family grew, I learned to salvage ordinarily lost time. Right now, dear," I teased, "you could do more than chew gum. Seriously, I've read books and knitted mittens galore in the fifteen years while waiting on this very curb, or in doctors' offices. It's surprising how many peas you can shell while helping the children with their homework, or when neighbors drop in. That way it's done without using vital time."

"What's vital time?"

"The time we spend doing *musts*, like cooking, cleaning, laundry. Remember how in *Cheaper by the Dozen* that mother eased her housekeeping by adapting her efficiency-expert husband's recommendations in industry? The morning after seeing that movie, I moved my double boiler. For years I had kept it in one cabinet, my cereals in another. Now it hangs under the cereal shelf. With one hand I reach for a carton; with the other, for a pan, opening just one cabinet door. See what I mean? Analyze your job, chore for chore. Then, cut corners. Proceed to do so regularly, until it becomes a habit. Results are amazing."

Soon Kitty learned that, although her kitchen was small, she gained time and space by buying *more* measuring implements. She found that it took one-third of a cup of coffee grounds for their pot; that

a batch of oatmeal called for one cup of oats. By keeping the proper sized measuring device in each carton, she saved time shuffling through a too-full drawer. By simply putting the measuring spoons back into their ingredients, she saved on dishwashing, too. By investing in a measure-marked kettle, Kitty not only had a king-sized measuring cup for large recipes, but also a convenient container for making a small amount of cocoa.

It didn't take Kitty long to catch on that washing dishes three times a day is a waste of time, soap, and water. For her family, twice a day suffices. Now, right after breakfast, she soaks her dishes; then prepares dessert for dinner. While keeping an eye on it as it cooks, she rinses her breakfast dishes, plus the dessert preparation pans, diminishing kitchen clutter and the evening stack.

Since Mr. Gordon is home for lunch on Saturdays, that calls for two honest meals. "I just don't like being in the kitchen all day," Kitty recently told us. "So I plan the kind of menu I can serve both noon and night. Vegetable soup, spaghetti and meat balls, chili, Swiss steak, and stew improve with warming over. That leaves more time for family fun and hobbies. In the summer, tuna salads full of vegetables do the trick."

Learn to be ambidextrous when ironing, dusting, and scrubbing. Have you ever checked for wasted motions while making beds? It isn't necessary to carry pillows across the room while straightening sheets. What's the foot of the bed for? With little practice, you'll soon learn to make up a single bed without moving from the center of one side, except on sheet-changing days.

We hope that you have learned to sleep on un-ironed sheets. If you strip your beds the first thing on cleaning day, pop the sheets into the washer and let them run while you vacuum, and make your beds when you are through cleaning, you will have reduced your washday stack, saved ironing, and treated your-



self to a more slumber-producing bed. Is there anything more enticing than that *fresh* smell on sheets which ironing destroys?

Doing one's own laundry needn't be a bugaboo. Saving laundry time starts with sorting soiled clothes. In a large family it helps to divide into batches *things not to be ironed* and *things to be ironed*. There are always enough bath towels and undies to be washed separately, hung up together, and folded into a separate basket when dry. The hours that some women slaughter sorting out the ironing while sprinkling their clothes! It helps to turn shirts inside out and button top and bottom buttons so that the sleeves are confined, before dropping them into the washer. They won't tangle up the whole batch. The same goes for housedresses with belts. Drop lace collars, cuffs, doilies, and flimsy blouses into pillow slips; then secure them with rubber bands. They'll not be torn when they come out nor left neglected in the bottom of the washer. Remove rubber bands and hang up to dry right in the slip. Think of the motions that saves! Nylon hose, even hair nets, can be washed in the machine with light colored clothes, if confined in a small bag.

If you use a wringer type washer, be careful to send jeans through from the last rinse folded according to creases. They will require little pressing. Give towels the same treatment. If you have an automatic washer, dry jeans on stretchers. They will require no pressing.

Grandma ironed even our hose; but no modern homemaker has time for such fastidiousness. If there isn't an ironer in the house, it saves three motions per piece to lay towels and pillow slips on the board *lengthwise*, rather than the conventional way. Never iron hankies one at a time. Cover the whole board with them, iron each on one side, set the iron down; fold each hanky, lift the iron again, and crease each.

Cuts that job in sixths.

While you are ironing, it's just as easy to lay out pieces in sorted stacks as it is to scatter them awry. Then, when the children come home from school, each takes his own pile and puts it away. Even when distribution is up to one person, it's smart to sort by rooms, as you iron; then stack by batches for quick placement. Of course, every seasoned homemaker makes a separate stack of *things to be mended*. If you must stop ironing before you've finished, do you hang clothes up to dry, then resprinkle? Don't. Just place them in the refrigerator. They'll keep. If you want to iron in twenty minutes, sprinkle clothes with hot water. A pressing cloth soaked in hot water and wrung out saves time and electricity because the iron cools less rapidly. For overnight sprinkling, we find the quickest and most evenly distributed sprinkling is done by simply stuffing a pillow-slip-sized plastic bag half full of dry clothes, pouring in one cup of cold water, finishing stuffing bag with dry clothes, and tying or zipping shut. These bags can be purchased with zippers or made at home from discarded plastic tablecloths.

As a mother, must you do everything yourself? When one of the youngsters sets the breakfast table the night before, it gets the day off to a good start. Asked how he managed to stay calm and fit while performing the most strenuous of duties, President Coolidge answered: "A good executive never does a thing he can get someone else to do equally as well, thus conserving his strength for the particular tasks which are so peculiar to his office." A mother of toddlers shouldn't pick up last night's papers or put out milk bottles. Certainly, she shouldn't make beds or shine shoes for grade schoolers, or prepare snacks and clean up after teen-agers' parties. If she does, she is not only slaughtering time. She is doing those

(Continued on page 30)

During the time that this hausfrau is glumly surveying the day's chores, she could be getting some of them done.

—Photo by erb



## Birthdays Are Important!

(Continued from page 12)

Since this is the "gang" age, the chosen guest list will usually include only friends of the same sex. Children of this age generally are full of energy, and are likely to be carried away by their own excitement into silliness; so very careful pre-party planning of activities again is called for.

In general, eight- to eleven-year-olds like challenging, complex, competitive games, usually of a team nature. Examples are team relays, treasure hunts, quoits, leapfrog, three-legged races, and other contests of skill. The guests should dress accordingly! These active games are best planned to alternate with quiet "resting" activities, such as blind-folded drawing, or singing. An outdoor party is ideal; but if weather forbids it, a cellar, garage, or game room can serve just as well.

Children appreciate for the first time at this age a theme followed in decorations, games, and food. Parents and child can have real fun in selecting a theme and carrying it out. Thus, a party can be planned around a "space ship to Mars" theme, with arriving guests receiving a homemade ray gun or space helmet. Familiar games can be given appropriate names, such as an exploration and discovery expedition (treasure hunt). Lunch can be served from a store of provisions on an improvised rocket ship. A three-hour afternoon party is best, perhaps on a

Saturday so Father can help lead the games, and broken up by lunch and a late snack which can include the birthday cake.

Of course, with each increasing year the child can make more and more of the decisions regarding his party, can help more with the preparations, and finally will be able to run it himself. At any age, however, the birthday party is definitely the child's own in every sense, and both he and his parents will be much happier to recognize this.

## Sandra's Special Birthday

(Continued from page 21)

By Friday, Sandy was feeling fine, and Mother said that she might go outside. In fact, her Friday gift was one to use out of doors. It was a gardening set. There were a little hoe, rake, trowel, and some packages of seeds. Sandy spent all morning working in a corner of the garden that Daddy had said could be her very own.

"Some day we can eat the radishes and carrots I planted," said Sandy.

"Yes," agreed Mother, "and you'll have some flowers of your own to pick, too. Won't it be nice to take some to church school?"

"Oh, yes," said Sandy, "and I want

to take a bunch to Grandma, and to Aunty Beth, too."

"Saturday Is Bake Day." That is what the card on her Saturday present said, and inside the package was a baking set. There was even a package of cookie mix. Sandy baked a batch of cookies that very morning, and they all had some, hot and fresh, for lunch.

Sunday was the day on which came the last of her surprises. Sandy had wondered and wondered what it would be. The package was smaller than the others had been.

"The nicest things are often in the smallest packages," said Mommy. Daddy smiled and agreed. They watched as Sandy opened her package.

When she saw her Sunday gift, Sandy gave an excited little gasp, for there was a beautiful little white Bible. It was her very own, for her initials were on it in tiny gold lettering.

"Oh, it's beautiful," Sandy exclaimed. "My very own Bible."

Sandy was quite well by now, and able to go to church school. How proud she was to be able to take her new Bible!

That night, when she was saying good-night to Mommy and Daddy, Sandy said, "This has been the very nicest birthday I ever had."

Mother and Daddy kissed her good-night.

"Not too nice for such a good girl," they agreed.

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

"For the mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but my steadfast love shall not depart from you, and my covenant of peace shall not be removed, says the LORD . . ." (Isaiah 54: 10)

### The Words

A Blade	M Father
B Coyote	N Dummy
C Tamale	O Muddy
D Horse	P Bathe
E Volcano	Q Floor
F Fleas	R Month
G Steeple	S Star
H Hurdle	T Paint
I Bonnet	U Devil
J Madam	V Every
K Stop	W Forts
L Navy	X Stand

Y Shone

## Talisman

Today your friendship is a treasured part

Of all that life might bring through coming years;

And I shall keep it safe within my heart—

A talisman to quiet anxious fears.

And then to live in deeper faith each day

Because you chose to walk the friendship way.

May Smith White





# Family Counselor

**Q.** What can I do to keep well-meaning grandparents from interfering at mealtimes? My specific problem is that my three-year-old son has been somewhat of a feeding problem since he was about a year and a half old and each time we visit the grandparents it's worse, although (diplomatically, I thought) I asked my husband on one occasion to speak to them about nagging him (which he ignores) and coaxing (which he resents).

Our doctor says he is no worse than other youngsters who go through the same stage, but the grandparents persist in comparing him with other children they know who have hearty appetites, even though I told them what the doctor said. I have pointed out that he is alert and well; and what they readily admit—that all children are different.

I feel he has an adequate and nourishing diet by substituting eggs and cheese for meat (which he won't eat) but their three-times-a-day persistence in upsetting his meals on these visits, subsequently riles me and upon return home I find it takes some weeks to get him back in the groove.

The grandparents love him very much, are quite generous to us all, and while I resent their apparent attitude that I can't take care of him properly, I know they are solicitous for his welfare because of their love. Just hope you can point out to me how to handle this without further antagonizing the "in-laws."

My husband seems torn between the two "sides"—he knows our boy doesn't eat everything

we adults do, and yet he heard the doctor say he is well and "going through a stage," but every time it comes up he's on the fence (he sides with me in front of his folks—for which I am grateful) but when we return home, starts to worry about the business of diet and appetite.

**A.** I wish I could suggest to you an approach to the grandparents that would eliminate their nagging and coaxing and insure their cooperation with you in the feeding of your son. Unfortunately, there probably are no suggestions that will insure this—especially without in any way offending or antagonizing them. There are approaches, however, with which you may wish to experiment, hoping that one or more of them may help the situation.

In the first place, it is important that your husband shall realize that your son's eating habits are not something to worry about. Even though he has heard the doctor say there is nothing to be concerned about, evidently he is not really convinced that this is so. Perhaps you should have the doctor talk with him again about the matter. If he really is certain in his own mind that your son is eating all he needs, he then may be more ready to follow this next suggestion.

It would seem that inasmuch as it is his parents who are causing the difficulty, he should assume the responsibility of talking with them

pretty seriously about what the nagging and coaxing is doing to your son. (Evidently his first talk with them after your suggestion that he do so, didn't get results.) He should do this as kindly as possible, but at the same time in such a way that they will know that he really means it when he suggests that they leave the guiding of your son's eating to you. They may be offended a bit—but since in every other way you seem to be on such excellent terms with them, they should soon get over their hurt or resentment.

Since you are secure in the knowledge that you are doing what is right in connection with your son's eating, would it not be possible to learn to sort of overlook the nagging? Of course, you would continue to be somewhat "riled" by their behavior, but perhaps you can learn to take it without its bothering you so much.

This leads, then, to another suggestion. If you feel the grandparents' behavior is really detrimental to your son, perhaps you should plan to visit them less frequently. On the other hand, if you decide that the values that accompany visiting them outweigh the distress caused by their attitude toward the eating problem, perhaps you should learn to make the best of the situation. And it may be of some solace to you to realize that most parents and grandparents worry needlessly about the eating habits of their children.

*Daniel M. Maynard*

## ● Are You on Daylight Squandering Time?

(Continued from page 27)

young people a disservice, for one must be conditioned for mature adulthood. According to age, household responsibilities are in order about the time Junior blows out two birthday candles.

Recently, we heard of a secretary who lost her job because, "You are late ten minutes, morning and noon," explained the boss, "and you ask to leave ten minutes early noon and night in order to catch a certain bus. That short-changes this office forty minutes a day, almost a half-day per week." How many half-days per week do some homemakers spend in unnecessary telephone conversations? How much constructive work could be accomplished in a year just on that time? Grandma used to knit whole sweaters by regularly picking up her needles, after ringing the dinner bell, and purling away while the men stomped in and "washed up." By the time Pa had his harvest in, Ma had one too.

Once you conscientiously start making time like Kitty Gordon, you'll find creating it is both a challenge and fun. Here's a good motto to hang in our workshops: "Squander not time, for it's the stuff of which life is made" (Benjamin Franklin).

## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

chestra is at 8:00 p.m. on Thursday. So is Dad's favorite news commentator. So is the kids' favorite Western thriller. How can they share?

Use Other Situations Suggested by the Group.

4) Still another type of meeting could be built around a panel discussion, involving three or four persons. It would be particularly effective if one or more teen-agers would participate, giving their views. The topic (or variations of it) which the speakers might use would be, "Making All Things in Common a Reality in My Home."

### III. Questions for Discussion

1. How will a Christian parent feel about sharing things and decisions among all members of the family? Does the Bible give us any help in answering this question?

2. How can each member of the family (father, mother, and children) help each other to develop the "ours" feeling as mentioned in the study article?

3. Are there particular situations in family living in which it is difficult to feel that complete sharing is possible or desirable? Discuss specifically.

4. What influences outside the home make it difficult to instill the feeling

of "all things in common"? How can these influences be overcome or curbed?

5. Is it possible for one or two members of the family to make a feeling of "all things in common" work, if the rest of the family will not cooperate? If not, why not? If so, how?

6. What can the church do to help the family build the "ours" feeling?

7. Discuss the differences in the methods for creating the "ours" feeling in a family with small children and in a family with teen-agers.

8. Will the best interests of the individual and the best interests of the family group conflict when we have all things in common? Whose interests come first? Why? How?

### IV. Available Helps

#### Films

*Family Life*—10 min.—Family rear-

ranges their time, work, and finances, so that they can enjoy life together.

*Your Family*—10 min.—Family works and plays together to form a harmonious home life.

#### Filmstrips

*The Christian Family*—40 frames—Deals with sharing in the family.

*Making Home a Happier Place*—72 frames—Family learns to work as a team.

#### Books

Beasley, Christine, *Democracy in the Home*, Association, \$3.50.

Maynard, D. M., *Your Home Can Be Christian*, Abingdon, \$2.00.

Sly, Florence, *Toward a Christian Home*, Christian Board of Publication, 50 cents.

Wiegmann, F. W., *Christian Happiness in the Home*, Christian Board of Publication, 65 cents.

## "By Any Other Name"



He viewed the sauerkraut askance,  
Before he bowed his little head,  
"We give Thee thanks, dear Lord, I guess,  
But I don't like this food," he said.

—Mabel R. Bridges

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"It's easy to see that teacher didn't spend her summer mowing the lawn."





# BOOKS

## for the hearthside

### For Youth

**Wan-Fu: Ten Thousand Happinesses,** by Alice M. Huggins and Hugh L. Robinson (Longmans, Green and Co., 1957, 86 pages. Price, \$2.75).

North China is the setting for this story about One-Leg, a crippled beggar girl, who rides on the back of her blind father every day begging for coppers so that they can buy cornmeal. Although One-Leg is 14 years old, she looks much younger, for her body is thin and underdeveloped from lack of nourishing food.

The teen-age reader will see vividly the wretched poverty in which One-Leg and her father and mother live. That is why it is rather difficult to condemn the girl too severely when she steals the purse of a rich merchant.

In short succession One-Leg's mother and father die. Her father is killed by a car when he and One-Leg are begging on the highway. One-Leg is severely injured in the accident and has to go to a hospital.

How One-Leg's dreams finally come true because of the accident and sojourn in the hospital makes thoroughly absorbing reading for teen-age girls (12-15).

Later, One-Leg's name is changed to Wan-Fu, meaning "ten thousand happinesses."

Alice M. Huggins, one of the authors of this book, was once a teacher in a girls' boarding school in China. Hugh L. Robinson, the other author, is a former medical missionary to China.

★ ★ ★

**The Shining Road,** by Dorothy Scofield (Longmans, Green and Co., 1957, 186 pages. Price, \$2.75).

The prospect of spending a summer on a small Canadian island with "stuffy" old Aunt Kate is certainly a dismal one, according to Elinor. She

has been looking forward to a summer in Europe with her father, before entering college in the fall; but these plans are unexpectedly upset.

The summer does get off to a good start, however, for Aunt Kate isn't the stuffy, antiquated creature that Elinor has imagined her to be. Then Elinor meets Martha, Tom, Kathi, and other interesting people who help to make her summer enjoyable.

In order that Martha may have more time for her, Elinor helps her clean guest cottages and serve in the dining room of the island resort. Then when an accident incapacitates her friend, Elinor takes over the job and enjoys it. But she doesn't want to wait on tables forever! She is frustrated because all of her friends know what they want for their lifework, and she seems to be floundering.

Then, through her love for younger children and her delight in storytelling, Elinor finds the answer that she needs.

Teen readers will be captivated by the engaging personality of Elinor—impatient, glib-talking, yet with an endearing, serious side.

★ ★ ★

**Green as Spring,** by Rosalys Haskell Hall (Longmans, Green and Co., 1957, 214 pages. Price, \$3.00).

Frannie Gay is a bouncy, scintillating, unsophisticated bundle of pink, gold, white, and blue in the form of a teen-age girl. She's one of the most refreshing lassies that you'll ever meet in a month of purple Tuesdays.

Frannie finds that growing up has such problems. For one thing she feels completely gauche and incompetent, because other girls have feminine fetishes which they adroitly use to charm men—and Frannie is void of these necessary powers. Mickey, a likable lad of whom Frannie is enamored, still thinks of her as a dear, sweet child whom he calls Muffin Brain—someone who makes palatable gingerbread and plays a good game of tennis.

One day Frannie and her friends try on a sophisticated dress in a French dress shop. The dress does wonders for Frannie and brings out her ensconced beauty. But forty dollars!!!!

Then a tantalizing Lorelei named Katherine (Killer) Kane pilfers Mickey right out from under Frannie's nose. Now she doesn't even have him for a tennis companion. Oh woe!

A dress, a bottle of nail polish, and a few weeks as a camp counselor help to change Frannie's life and bring this book to a thoroughly delightful conclusion.

### For Children

**Flood Friday,** by Lois Lenski (J. B. Lippincott Co., 1956, 98 pages, \$2.50), is the story of a Connecticut town hit by a disastrous flood. The thrill of the rescue operations, being housed in the schoolhouse, the grim experiences of waiting for parents, for food, and for clothing, and the courage and acceptance of the situation by the children make this an exciting story. Lois Lenski's black-and-white drawings add reality to it.

★ ★ ★

**It's Saturday,** by Virginia H. Ormsby (J. B. Lippincott Co., 1956, unpagged, \$2.00), describes all the wonderful things to do when there is no school! The author's pictures and the rhythmic, repetitive text make this a good book for children from three to six.

★ ★ ★

A collection of imaginative stories about Jesus, by a well-known educator, will delight children of primary and early junior ages. **Boys and Girls Who Knew Jesus,** by Edith Kent Battle (Rand McNally and Co., 1956, \$2.00), begins with Jesus' birthday, and follows him throughout his life. The four-color and black-and-white illustrations by Marjorie Cooper add to the charm of this book.



# Over the back fence

## • Our Nation's Number 1 Problem?

What would you say was the most important problem facing our nation today?

Some of your answers would include international relations, inflation, too-big-government, too-big-labor, too-big-corporations, the farm situation, moral laxity, intemperance, unstable family life, and a host of other problems.

Very near to the top of the list, if not number 1, is the school problem. This month our schools reopen to admit the largest number of students from kindergarten to university graduate schools ever to enroll. There are at least five aspects to the total problem.

1. *Overcrowding.* In many areas this is such a serious matter that some children in the first five grades are able to attend school only half a day. By 1965 about 10½ million more children up through the secondary grades will be seeking admittance.

2. *Teacher shortage.* New teachers graduated last June were only one-half enough to meet the present need for 141,000 qualified new teachers. By 1965 we should have at least 1,200,000 more teachers than we have today.

3. *Buildings.* New school buildings are going up all over the country at a record rate. Still they are not going up fast enough to relieve the overcrowding to a satisfactory degree.

4. *Taxes.* Citizens will eventually have to understand that financial resources necessary to educate our growing population are not really taxes, but a vital investment in the future of our country.

5. *Communications.* Knowing the facts about the educational situation as it exists today is vitally important for all of us. There is

much inaccurate information spread abroad which must be corrected by facts.

Are you asking yourself, "If there were only something we could do about the children's schools"? Just look across the page to the inside back cover of this issue for suggestions as to what you can do *right now!*

## • Is Your Child Normal?

Have you been worrying about this? You need not be, for, put bluntly, no child is normal. At least, that is the conviction of Roger Williams, a biochemist at the University of Texas. His book, *Biochemical Individuality*, devotes 214 pages to pointing out what we have frequently recognized in certain fields, that every person is different; for example, there is no such thing as a set of "normal" fingerprints.

So, parents, do not try to force your child into a mold, to become just like everyone else or anyone else. Help him to become the very best self that he can become and do not worry that he is not "just like" all the others.

## • Two Important Weeks in September

Each month usually has more weeks to observe than there are weeks in which to observe them—if you get what we mean! Here are two observances for September which are especially significant for the home.

*National Child Safety Week*, Sept. 1-8. Certainly, we are all deeply concerned for the safety of our children. But are we concerned enough? Are we doing all we should and can to protect children from injuries and fatal accidents? Write to American Safety League, 6 N. Main St., Plaistow, N. H., for information.

*Christian Education Week*, Sept. 29-Oct. 6. Parents are the child's first and most important teachers. This is true of Christian education, as well as of other fields. *Hearthstone* homes will want to participate fully in helping their churches observe this week in a significant way.

macdonald





## "If there were only something we could do about the children's schools!"

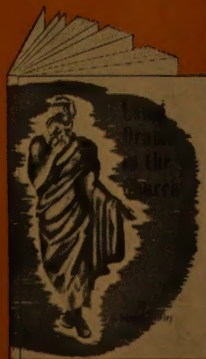
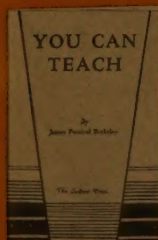
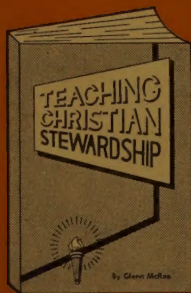
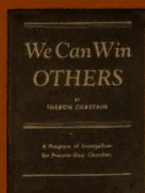
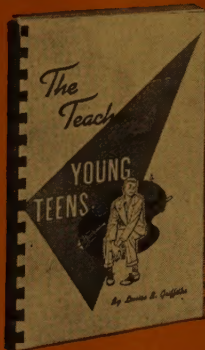
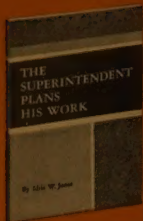
Something? There are *lots* of things we all can do about our local schools! First of all, we can attend school board meetings and discuss problems with the board members we've elected. We can go to Parent-Teacher Association meetings and work directly with the teachers we've hired. And we can form other community groups to aid in solving specific situations—new

bond issues for building or repairing, for example.

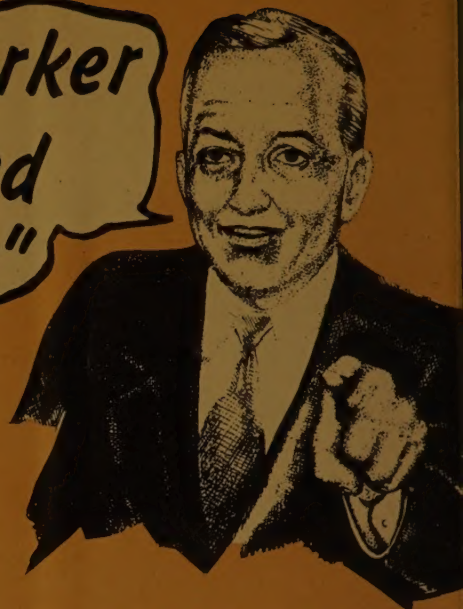
In short, we *can* have the schools we want—if we're willing to work personally for them! The way to start is by writing—today—for a free booklet and other helpful information. Send your card or letter to *Better Schools, 9 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York.*

# HEARTHSTONE





# "Every Worker a Trained Worker"



## Are You a Prospective Leader?

Any Christian worker can fill  
a place of leadership

A growing worker is not  
satisfied to be an ordinary leader. Just as each worker should be  
trained for his job, so should every individual be trained before  
going forth from his hearthside to teach Sunday Church School.

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By J. E. Moseley. Drama in worship, new  
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director, actors and manager, as well as  
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plan their religious education. Ten hours  
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presents insofar as possible, the course  
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### THE SUPERINTENDENT PLANS HIS WORK

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and recognition for the consecrated man  
who accepts the privilege of the position  
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